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SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS:

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN LAFAYETTE,

SABBATH MORNING. JAN. 17, 1847,

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. NANCY G. ELLSWORTH,

(WIFE OF HON. H. L. ELLSWORTH,)

WHO DIED JANUARY 14, 1847.

BY REV. J. G. WILSON.

LAFAYETTE, IND.,

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MDCCCXLVII.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

A SERMON.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."—Psalm 119; 71:

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grevious, nevertheless afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby."—Herrews 12; 11:

"Gop only is great." His presence fills the universe, his voice reaches the most distant inhabitant of his empire, and wakes into melody, the songs of the whole creation. Sinai's trumpet proclaims the nature and demerit of sin, the sweet accents of Calvary, invite to a participation of the Saviour's love, while a voice from the tomb, summons us on this solemn occasion, to contemplate the vicissitudes of life, preparatory to the unchanging realities of eternity. Bitterly are we disappointed, grievously are we afflicted, sorely are we chastised, and solemnly are we reminded of the frail tenure, by which we hold all earthly blessings.

The first year of a residence in a new country, had been completed. The summer with its enervating influences had passed away, autumn with its changes and its chills, justly named the sickly season, had made its mournful procession, leaving sad and indellible impressions upon many hearts; but there was one family still untouched, who rejoicing in the signal evidences of Providential preservation, might, almost have been tempted to believe, that they had a pledge of life and health, for at least another year. Already death had marked his victim, though his insidious approach was not perceived.

A few days ago, she whose untimely end, we are called to mourn, was apparently in perfect health; but stepping from her

door, she slipped and fell, and by some unaccountable casualty, received the injury, which after protracted suffering of twenty-six days, borne with remarkable fortitude and christian resignation, terminated in her death. [See note A.]

The long anticipated stroke has fallen and she, who a little while ago, in vigor of life and health, was the light of the domestic hearth, the star of the social circle, and the joy of our hearts, is no more.

"Leaves have their time to fall And flowers to wither at the North-wind's blast, And stars to set, but ALL—
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O DEATH,"

Surprised by the stroke, stunned by the shock and overwhelmed by the magnitude of the calamity, when one sustaining the responsible relations of daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend, and discharging the arduous duties of her station with skill, energy, fidelity and zeal, is suddenly removed, her days not numbered and her work apparently not completed, leaving her friends to mourn her untimely end, we turn instinctively for consolation, to the treasures of heavenly wisdom, the promises which Revelation affords, and that our minds may embrace some definite idea, some fundamental principle connected with the Rock of ages, I propose for consideration, in accordance with the suggestion of the text, "The mercies of sanctified affilictions."

It is a singular fact, and to any one observant of the vicissitudes of Providence, eminently consolatory, that so large a proportion of the Bible is comprised of promises, encouragements and consolations. Through the loss of property, or reputation, or health, or friends, all are afflicted; and addressed in the language of kindness and sympathy.

1. This is a world of trial. To those who humbly apprehend the import of Providential chastisements, they are drops of mercy from a father's hand. To those possessing a receptivity for the divine, they are the means of re-impressing on the heart, the law of heaven, developing the original and essential elements of humanity, once perfect and harmonious, but now, perverted, depraved and covered over by selfish-

ness and sin; as the beautiful plain adjacent to a volcanic mountain, is sometimes overwhelmed by the melted lava, exhibiting when cooled and crusted over, a degree of desolation and wo, which the light of heaven only renders more

hideous and repulsive.

To lose the benefit of an affliction is an irreparable loss. Chastisements are sent in mercy, and are designed to promote our spiritual welfare. They may be regarded as means of grace. "When Thy judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." Uniform prosperty flatters us, that our hopes are here, but afflictions direct our thoughts to Heaven. They are motives of an extraordinary character, produced and applied by the Supreme Disposer of all events, in trying circumstances and in view of momentous results, when the strongest and best balanced natures pause and deliberate, to stimulate the deficient energy of the living principle, in maintaining the life of faith, and to spiritualize the affections, and bring the law of the feelings and sensibilities into harmony and coincidence, with that of the reason and conscience; and thus to unite us more closely to the Divine Mind.

2. Many of our most valuable lessons are learned in the school of adversity. Who would have a just appreciation of the value of property if it were obtained without an effort, or held by a firm tenure, or of friends if they were never separated from us, or of reputation if it could not be tarnished, or of health if it were never impaired? The metals and gems of the earth, are valuable relatively, in proportion to their scarcity, and difficulty of access. We do not properly appreciate the value of air, or water, or light, because they are abundant, and free of access. Yet every one has in them a personal interest of priceless value.

Good is known principally by contrast with evil. Every pain and toil and suffering, and event in life, is a tree of knowledge of good and evil, affording us an experimental acquaintance with the qualities and principles of the natural

and spiritual worlds.

3. The universe of matter and of mind is made subject to the dominion of law. "Even chaos, termed in the Theogony of Hesiod, the first of all beings, possessed constituent elementary rules of action, whence in process of time, resulted the order, harmony and beauty of nature."

The conception of a being without law, is a negation, involving the idea of the annihilation of all created existence. Man exists and acts as a part of a comprehensive whole, with natural relations and dependencies, in accordance with the laws divinely instituted. It is as impossible for any one, severed from his moral and spiritual relations, to maintain the laws of his being, and attain the exalted station and dignity of the sons of God, as for a planet separated from the solar system, to retain its orbit, and be sustained by the attraction and illumination of the sun.

"Laws are essential emanations, from the self-poised character of God, And they radiate from that sun, to the circling edges of creation." "God is the origin of order, and the first exemplar of his precept."

"Throughout the universe of matter, the substance of visible creation, there is not an atom out of place, nor a particle that yieldeth not obedience." Thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, angels and arch-angels, flaming ministers and breathing chariots, and various degrees and ranks in approximation toward perfection, are subject to the control of law, and the chain of order "is unbroken down to man, and beyond him the links are perfect,"

"But he standeth solitary sin, a marvel of permitted chaos"

To correct this "seeming error in the scale of due subordination," to restore man to his proper place in the divine order, and maintain the authority and supremacy of law, is the ultimate design of God, in all the dispensations of Providence and grace.

"Love hath a power and a longing to raise a gathered world, And rescue universal man from the consequences of his doings."

Could we lift "the sable curtain that hideth the mystery of Providence," we should doubtless perceive most striking illustrations of the mercy and faithfulness of God, in our afflictions; for under the control of him who maketh the wrath of man to praise him-

"Pain and sin are convicts, and toil in their fetters for good, The weapons of evil are turned against itself, fighting under better banners,"

Often while writhing in agony, we are in the reception, subjectively of the richest blessings, for the good of one meek thought produced thereby, should outweigh years of suffering.

4. The experience of evil developes the qualities of the mind and heart, that are requisite to resist and overcome them.—The loss of property and the failure of our plans induce industry, circumspection, self-reliance and dependence on God, blessings far transcending any temporal inheritance. The loss of reputation and friends affords a test of character enabling us to ascertain whether we love God for what he is, or for what he does, and surely it is better to lose the gift, than to be deprived of the Giver. Trials and afflictions often check us in our selfish career, and forcibly remind us of the existence and claims of that Government, whose authority we have disregarded. They teach us the relative value of the seen and the unseen the temporal and the eternal, and severing the ties which bind our hearts to earth, induce us to seek an interest in an incorruptible inheritance. They are merciful visitations of Heaven, to enable us to form and perfect our characters, after the image of Him who created us. Good qualities are of slow growth, and like the products of a rugged climate, and barren soil, partake of the characteristics of the circumstances by which they are produced.

Were there no trials, there could be no greatness nor eminent goodness. The faith of Abraham, the meekness of Moses, the patience of Job, the zeal and energy of Paul, and the philanthropy of Howard, were the legitimate results of the trials and providential visitations to which they were subjected. "Despise not then the chastening of the Lord; nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Be not therefore impatient nor in haste to remove the

afflictive stroke. Nay more, though it seem a paradox; "Count it all joy, when you fall into divers temptations i.e. trials, knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience—but let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." It has been forcibly remarked that afflictions fall upon the Christian, not as the lightning upon the scathed oak, blasting it more and more, but rather as the strokes of the sculptor upon the marble block, fashioning it into the image of life and loveliness.

It is a beautiful thought, that the furnace of affliction is to the believer, as the fire to the gold, refining and purifying it from its dross, that it may shine with unalloyed lustre; and it is a consolatory one, that the Saviour goes with his people into the midst of the fire, assuaging its violence, and restraining its power; for when Moses looked upon the bush that burned, behold it was not consumed; and when the three brethren were by the wrath of men, but by divine permission cast into the burning fiery furnace, Nebuchadnezer the King, was astonished and rose up in haste and said: "Lo I see four men, loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth, is like to the Son of God."

5. The cross is the symbol of the Christian's life. The first lesson on entering the school of Christ, and the last on leaving it, is to take the yoke and bear the cross. It is the only mode of holy living, compatible with a sinful state. Life is a school of goodness, teaching us the value of light by darkness, of harmony by discord, of rest by anxiety, of joy by suffering, and of every blessing by experimental trial; and while from the smoking mount of human experience, we receive upon our hearts the principles of the divine law, our heavenly Father encourages us by the affectionate inquiry, "What son is he, whom the father chasteneth not?" Settle it then as a fundamental principle, that the present is a life of suffering. The Saviour himself in assuming our nature, was not exempt from this universal law of humanity. "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord." In his baptism of suffering the Christian must

participate, at least in some degree, as the banks of the river are watered and refreshed by the mist and spray of that flood of waters, which, at Niagara, pours forth its eternal anthem of praise to the Creator. But assured, that if we suffer we shall also reign with him, and knowing that our afflictions are mercifully adapted to our necessities, let us go forth and look upon the gathering clouds, and approaching storm, without an emotion of fear; for in the lightning's flash is revealed a Father's face, on every dark clould are inscribed the symbols of his love, and in the very hailstones of affliction are conveyed the choicest mercies, which infinite love can confer.

And while the sun is eclipsed and the stars blotted out. HE cheers our drooping spirits and enlivens life's weary pilgrimage, by permitting us to behold as our light, the bright and morning star, the harbinger of eternal day. In the darkest and most disastrous hour, faith assures us, we are safe in the mighty keeping of our Father in heaven-"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "The life which we now live, we live by faith in the Son of God." Were we permitted to walk in the field of open vision, and in the sun-light of sensible manifestations, faith could never attain that high degree of invigoration, which our circumstances demand.—In the consummation of the mysteries of Providence and Redemption, it is necessary that God should sometimes wrap himself in the majesty of darkness, that we may learn the lesson of following him who is invisible, whether revealing himself to us, in the pillar of fire, or of cloud.

The soul, in all its wanderings, retains its natural relation to God, as its centre, and can find no rest, until it returns to him. All objects of affection, except the Father of spirits, draw it below itself. There is a relative adaptation, which every creature seeks, and in which it is at rest. The soul descended from heaven, can be happy, only in a higher good. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain togeth-

er until now." All things strive to ascend, and ascend in striving.—An ancient Pagan Philosopher thanked God, that his soul was not tied to an immortal body. All lower natures find their highest good in the semblance of that which is higher and better, and each class as it ascends in the scale of being, leaves death behind it. "The metal at its height of being, is a mute phophecy of coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystalizes. The blossom and flower, the acme of vegetable life, divides into correspondent organs, with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations, seems impatient of that fixure, by which it is differenced in kind, from the flower shaped psyche that flutters with free wing above it."

The distance between the two distinct worlds of being, the natural and the spiritual, is impassable. We cannot even conceive of them, as parts of the same system, or subjects of the same laws. The most etherial portions of matter, are as destitute of original causative power, and as subject to the dominion of the necessary laws of nature, as a stone or mass of lead. In all the movements of the material system, we feel that there must be an originating will somewhere, however many impulsive forces may have intervened.—The spirit, possessing duality of being, resolves itself into subject and object. Its characteristic is self motion, or voluntary action. It alone possesses true individuality, a free will, its law within itself, and its motive in the law, bound to originate its own acts, in harmony with the law of the Infinite Spirit, not only without external aids, but even against opposing influences.

Such was the condition of Angels in Heaven, and, of MAN in Paradise, but having fallen into the bondage of nature, we perceive in the present state, only a dawning of that spiritual light.

"I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." To be delivered from this false position, and restored to harmony with God, requires a consecration so minutely explorative, and so thoroughly destructive

of all selfish influences, and a process so painful, as to be justly termed the crucifixion of self, the death of nature, the new creation, the baptism with fire and the resurrection of the life of Christ in the soul. With reference to it, the Apostle Paul, cheerfully endured a life of labor and of suffering, if by any means he might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. To secure such a result, he suffered the loss of all The great husbandman looking for fruit in his vineyard, subjects the unfruitful vine to a severe and trying discipline. He drives from the heart every idol, that has enthroned itself in his temple.—Property, health and friends, melt away successively, severing every tie that binds the affections to the world. The fountains of inward consolation ministering to self love, are dried up; and the victim "smitten within and without—scathed and peeled with the lightnings of Heaven, to the extremity of human endurance," learns by this dreadful baptism, that God's will is imperative and supreme.

Having all things in God, he commences the truly apostolic life, having nothing, yet possessing all things; and winning souls to Christ by the attractive influence of a holy example, and by the power of the word of God. Having entered into his Rest, he finds his happiness complete in God. From this death of nature springs eternal life and immortal power.—Christ liveth in him. Within the sphere of divine co-operation, his will is operative precisely as God requires. "What a blessed thing it is, says Dr. Payson, to lose one's will. Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness.—There can be no such thing as disappointments, for I have no desire but that God's will may be accomplished."

6. The last and severest of the afflictions of the present life, is death itself, which though it supervened in consequence of the offence is a regular step in the economy of the moral world, demanded by our constitution and character, as one of the series of events in the remedial system of the covenant of grace. We have reason to believe that an earthly immortality, would be fatal to our highest interests and sub-

stantial happiness. Well may we rejoice in the present constitution as devised by infinite wisdom, with special reference to our moral character and eternal destiny. Following with the eye of faith, the track of the departed saint, we may name among the blessings of affliction, the release of the imprisoned spirit, and its freedom and exaltation among principalities and powers in heavenly places. Though the breaking up of the animal machinery, is attended with appalling circumstances, in severe physical sufferings, in the violent disruption of social ties, and in distressing spiritual forebodings, it is necessary to the perfect development of character, and may be the occasion of progress, advancement, augmentation of power, and enhancement of happiness, to a degree that at present, transcends our powers of conception. It does not arrest, nor intercept the process of life, but changes its mode, preparatory to a more rapid and perfect development. It is the means of evolving higher principles, with a view to the ultimate advancement of our nature, to its proper station with the kings and priests of the Most-High. It is the breaking up of the bondage of nature, in order to a new constitution of the elements of life, to greater advantage, and in a more perfect form, that the spirit may have complete ascendency over its corporeal instruments and appendages. It is a temporary separation of the flesh and the spirit, that the powers and habits most enfeebled and restrained in this earth-realm of bondage, may be brought to maturity, and that with a new balance of the powers of human nature, there may be no conflict between the elements of life, no disharmony in the play of the affections, and no contrariety in the objects of pursuit.

The spirit, separated from the body, or adorned with a form of celestial mould, with spiritual intuition and unrestricted freedom, surrounded by objects of stupendous magnitude, sensible principally of moral qualities, and enjoying an intense consciousness of its spiritual relations, like an Æolian Harp moved by every breath of Heaven, will vibrate in delightful harmony, or in harsh discord, according to its

relations to the divine mind. In that state, where the spheres of the holy and the unholy, draw to themselves respectively all of kindred quality, the rule of relationship, or the law of attraction, is not a balance of merits, but moral quality. All those whose affections are quickened toward the moral perfections of the Supreme Being, and who feel the constraint of the attractive love of Christ, shall be exalted as kings and priests unto God.

Sin, the element of separation, being removed, the soul returns instinctively to its proper centre, assuming the natural relations in accordance with its moral character. Holiness cannot be separated from God, any more than a ray of light can be cut off from its intercourse with the sun. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." To such an one, death is but a transition from the light of the moon and stars through the twilight and fogs of an Autumn morning, to the light and brightness of a glorious day. "To die is to burst upon the blaze of uncreated light, and to be sensitive to its beams, and to nothing else;" and to commence the eras of eternity, in learning all that is comprised in the felicity of Heaven.

Within the veil is a glory, which imagination in its most lofty flights has never conceived. The transformation, perfect in kind, but not in degree, will admit of progress, with vast accessions of knowledge and power, and clear perception of the amazing scenes of the interior and spiritual world, and intimate communion with substances and causes, and eternal realities, with continual approximation toward the Supreme Being; who is essentially and necessarily, in his natural perfections, *infinitely*, above the highest possible elevation of any finite being.

Man shall be equal with the Angels. moving among the highest, with susceptibilities as acute, capacities as vast, objects of pursuit as elevated, joys as pure and ecstatic, and energies as untiring, and shall wear a crown which he would not exchange for that of any higher order of beings, since it

is the symbol of his intimate relationship to the divine mind, though the person of Jesus Christ, who binds together all orders of the heavenly hierarchy.

"He shall have wings of glory, and shall soar
To the remoter firmaments, and read
The order and the harmony of stars;
And in the might of knowledge, he shall bow
In the deep pauses of Arch-angel harps,
And humble as the Seraphim, shall cry
Who by his searching, finds thee out, Oh Gon!"

"I knew a man in Christ, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell," who "caught up into the third Heaven, heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

"Who shall imagine immortality, or picture its illimitable prospect? How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea?"

"For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God! besides thee what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him."

7. In giving utterance to these consolatory truths, I feel no restraint nor hesitation on the present occasion. One of the most painful duties, connected with a pastor's life, is to minister at the funeral obsequies of one who gave no satisfactory evidence of preparation for another life; but when a Christian dies, apart from personal sympathies and an aching heart, there is nothing painful, in exhorting survivors and friends to imitate him, wherein he imitated Christ, and to prepare to participate with him in the Christian's triumph. When a friend has successfully made the voyage of life, having escaped the storms and perils of the ocean, and reached the haven of rest, though we mourn on account of our loss, faith bids us rejoice in view of the ultimate result.

She whose conflict and triumph, we commemorate in this discourse, was emphatically a child of the covenant, and the subject of many prayers. Her grand-father was the Rev. Elizur Goodrich, D. D., of Norfolk, Connecticut. She was the daughter of Hon. Elizur Goodrich, and Anne Willard

Allen, of New-Haven, by whom she was consecrated to God, in the ordinance of his house, and trained for his service and glory. Brought up in the midst of a highly cultivated and literary society, and educated with the greatest possible care, with a mind originally active and suggestive, she made extraordinary proficiency, not only in the ordinary branches of learning, but in many of the higher departments of a liberal education.—With a retentive memory, and a highly discriminative taste, she laid the foundation in youth, for those extensive and varied attainments, which on all proper occasions, have been laid under contribution, for the benefit and gratification of her family-her associates and friends. To the instruction and example of her mother, she was greatly indebted for those habits of order, industry and economy, and the various domestic qualities, which were pre-eminently characteristic of her life, and which perhaps are rarely so perfectly combined, with high intellectual endowments and keen relish for literary pursuits.

Her religious education being blessed to her conversion, at an early period of life, she made a public profession of religion, about the seventeenth year of her age, in connection with the College Church at New-Haven, under the care of her pastor and friend, Rev. President Dwight. Her early religious experience was of a most interesting character, attended with strict self examination, a spirit of earnest enquiry, and personal consecration to God, and the whole tenor of her life, and her triumph in death, tend to prove that she had built upon the rock of ages.

She was married by Dr, Dwight, to Mr. H. L. Ellsworth on the 22d of June, 1813, and during a period of thirty three years, successively at Windsor, Hartford, Washington City, and Lafayette, adorned the various relations of life. Tried in prosperity and adversity, in joy and in sorrow, among friends and in a land of strangers, she proved herself equal to every emergency, and magnified the grace of God, by a life adorning the Christian profession.

In a personal interview with two of her former pastors, last

summer, I distirctly remember that they spoke of her, not only with tenderness and affection, but in terms of the highest commendation. To those who knew her best, she was most endeared, and among her personal friends and correspondents were many, of the finest intelects and purest hearts. With personal endowments of a high order, and advantages rarely surpassed, and carefully improved—she made high personal attainments, and exhibited a rare combination, of those intellectual, moral and social qualities, that constitute the perfection of the female character. To the stranger she was affable, and courteous, to her guests hospitable, to the poor a friend, to the afflicted a minister of mercy, and to every philanthropic and Christian effort, for the amelioration of human suffering, she uniformly tendered her sympathy and co-operation. The law of kindness was upon her lips, and she rarely spoke of the faults of others, except in extenuation. She had "a heart formed for pity, and a hand open as day to melting charity."—With her it was a principle, and habit of life, to minister to the comfort and gratification of others, endeavoring as she herself expressed it, "to exemplify the principles of the law of love," a trait of character which shone out so conspicuously, even in the midst of her sufferings, on the fatal night, when she received the injury, as to attract the attention and excite the admiration of her attendants and friends. This was I apprehend, a prominent characteristic in her life, and may perhaps sometimes have induced excessive deference to the opinions and customs of others, and detracted something from that calm self-reliance, which is the crowning virtue of mind; or at least, may have diminished her sources of happiness, by rendering her unduly sensitive, to praise and blame.

She drew the line of distinction, accurately, between the courtesies and proprieties of Christian life, and the frivolous customs and maxims, of the fashionable world, and was ever ready, to relinquish even innocent amusements, when they were the occasion of "offence" to others. With an

elevated standard of Christian character, she "followed after, if by any means she might apprehend that, for which also, she was apprehended of Christ." As a Christian she was humble, entertaining low views of herself, and exalted conceptions of the glory of God. To her the Saviour was inexpressibly precious, and his mercy and grace, was the theme of delightful, and habitual meditation. Her faith was decidedly evangelical, partaking largely of the spirit of the theology of Dr. Dwight, whose memory she revered, and with whose published writings, she was intimately acquaint-She conscientiously subjected herself, to the most scrutinizing self examination, and scarcely dared to rely upon the evidences of her acceptance, even when her pastor and friends, entertained the most perfect confidence, that she was a child of God. Often, even in health, she said, I am so unworthy; may I rely on the promises of God? are they designed for one whose religious character is so imperfect? She longed, during the last few months of her life, especially, for higher attainment, and for clearer evidences of her adoption. Her confession of sin, was sincere and explicit, not in the abstract only, but in the specifications, not with reference to the external form merely, but to the spirit and life of actions, when none but the eye of omniscience, could detect the slightest error. Hers was a religion of principle, rather than of emotion, and her spiritual exercises, in health and in sickness, were such, as I should have anticipated, in any one of her mental character and nervous temperament.

Yet she did not always retain the distinct and vivid emotions, characteristic of the Christian life. In too intense devotion to the apparent interests of the present life, she sometimes declined in spirituality, and lived comparatively, in a state of moral estrangement from the Saviour, without the assurance of faith, or visible progress in the divine life, a fact of which she experienced keen conviction and genuine repentance, a fact which she uniformly lamented in the retrospect of her Christian life, and which should be here

indicated, in order to a just appreciation, of her exalted worth, as well as to the praise of the abounding grace of God.

There were three bright periods in her religious history, to which from a sick bed, she looked back with fond delight, during which she thought she enjoyed the Christian's privileges, and had the witness of the spirit, that she was born of God—the period of her conversion and profession of the Christian faith—a few years of her residence in Hartford, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Hawes—and the time of her residence in Lafayette, especially since the precious revival of religion, enjoyed last spring. We rejoice, that in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, of her Christian life, she enjoyed an unclouded sky; though, at intervals, the heavens were overcast, and she was encompassed with clouds and thick darkness.

"We have perhaps often gazed at the setting sun, when dilated to its fullest orb, it seems to linger, at the end of its course, bathing the landscape with mellowed hues, and converting the clouds into a pavillion of glory, and then melts away and disappears. We stand fixed to the spot, where we caught the last lingering rays, and amidst the surrounding gloom can scarcely realize, that it is still shining on other lands." Thus her sun has set on us, only to shine more brightly on other realms. She died as the Christian would wish to die, having in mortal conflict achieved the victory over the last enemy.—She was calm and self possessed in anticipation of her change, partaking of the hidden manna which no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it. She possessed a quiet faith, a steadfast hope, patient submission, and an intelligent anticipation of rest.

She said she had great peace, but neither joy nor transport. Her favorite expression descriptive of her spiritual state was, "I am tranquil," but on one occasion in answer to her pastor's morning salutation, she said "I am happy," I had last night such revelations of God's glory, as I never enjoyed before." Her sick chamber was a consecrated spot,

a bethel, where the Lord met her, and shewed her the ladder Jacob saw, with the Angels of God, ascending and descending upon it. Instead of finding myself called, as a pastor, to sustain the trembling steps of fear, while treading the dark valley, I found myself strengthened and instructed, and I do rejoice, that I have been permitted to witness such a demonstration of the truth of the Gospel, in its adaptation to the Christian's triumph.

In all this I behold the reward of faith and the answer of prayer. When, about the ninth day after her injury, I informed her of its *possible* termination, and of her imminent peril, she was startled, and remarked, "I had not thought of this. I anticipated long confinement, with excruciating suffering, and perhaps lameness during life; and prayed for grace to endure the affliction, and I feel that God has answered my prayer: but I am not prepared to die;" when she covered her face and engaged in prayer.

She then commenced a process of close self-examination, writing bitter things against herself, and pleading for pardon through the merits of Jesus Christ. She recapitulated the great doctrines of the Cross, apprehending them as God's appointed system of salvation; and then instituted the inquiry, whether, by a proper subjective appropriation of them, she had obtained the RECONCILIATION. She said she did not rely upon any former states, or experience. A present evidence was the object of her search.

She besought me to notice any error in her faith; any defect in her religious experience; any error of life; any unkind word, or unworthy motive, which had escaped her own observation; and to deal faithfully with her, that, by repentance and faith, she might not fail of planting her feet on the rock of ages.

Again her prayer was heard, and the answer received, in the tranquil state of mind, and happy acquiescence in the will of God, which marked the last few days of her life; while she stood on the verge of Heaven, progressing daily in sanctification, and waiting only for the signal, to step from the outer court, into the Holy of Holies. During this delightful period, she conversed freely of her approaching end, sent appropriate messages to her friends, conversed with the members of her family, ever mindful of their spiritual state, dictated a letter to her son, and greatly to her surprise and joy, was enabled to "to resign, her husband, her beloved and only daughter, and even the great question of her son's salvation, into the hands of the Judge of all the earth." She repeatedly expressed her feelings of gratitude to God, for the many mitigating circumstances attending her affliction, for the presence of her husband, who had intended in a few days to leave home for a few weeks, for the care of skilful and attentive physicians, for friends provided in a land of strangers, and especially for spiritual blessings, and often invited her friends and family to unite with her in special praise and thanksgiving to God.

A few evenings before her death, at her request, she participated, with her family, and a small circle of friends, in the celebration of the Lord's supper. It was a solemn and impressive scene, suggesting to those present, lessons never to be forgottten. As her strength declined, and her power of conversation diminished, her taste for elevated sentiments seemed to be increased, and her spiritual sensibilities, to become more acute, and she had exquisite enjoyment in listening to some favorite pieces of lyric poetry, as read or sung by her family and friends. [Note B.] On the last morning of her life, to a friend entering her room, she said, "I feel great exhaustion, and endure severe suffering, but I have been praying for submission;" and then added, "O Lord, have mercy upon me and hasten my departure, if it is thy will, and for Christ's glory." She was unable to converse much during the day, but when informed that she was probably near her end, she answered, "I have said, Thy will be done-I now say it again, and I hope I say it understandingly."

In answer to the enquiry of her affectionate husband, when the pulse was scracely perceptible—do you know me, she replied, "yes, perfectly," and subsequently requested

him to sing a favorite hymn, commencing "Jesus, lover of my soul:" and almost in the last moments of existence, in answer to a similar inquiry, she gave with her hand, her accustomed affectionate signal of recognition.

To her friends it is consolatory to reflect, that, throughout her protracted illness, her consciousness was perfect, and her reasoning powers and taste, unimpaired to the last, and that having endured as seeing Him who is invisible, she sweetly slept in Jesus, without a struggle or a sigh, on the 14th Jan., 1847, at half past 6 o'clock, P. M., aged 54 years and 14 days.

8. She has gone, and we are left behind, to gaze upon the path she trod, and wait the time to come, when we shall hear a voice from Heaven, saying, "come up hither."

The spirit, which we watched in breathless suspense, until we thought we could almost see her go forth, *still lives*, in the perfection of all her qualities, with consciousness awake, and sensibilities unimpaired. She stands amidst an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.—She has taken the harp, and commenced the anthem, which shall be prolonged throughout eternity!

Dear friend, farewell!

Thy work is done—thy conflicts are o'er—thy presentiments of approaching evil, more than realized, though in the participation, the cup is transmuted into the water of the river of life!

We bury thee by the side of thy beloved Edward.—There soft be thy slumbers, till the morning light dispells the darkness of the tomb.

Blessed spirit! thou art happy!

"Who but now
Would share thy triumph, and thy hope?
Thy triumph is begun! 'Tis thine to hail
Amid the chaos of a world convulsed,
A new creation rising!"

Thou hast commenced the song of praise which shall never end. And O could we look in upon thee, in thy new home, could we witness thine employments, and appreciate thy joys, we would not call thee back, nor even desire thy return.

"Shall we wish the robe that now
Is stainless, washed by a Redeemer's blood,
To be again with touch of sin defiled?
Or that freed spirit, escaped from every snare,
Forever safe within those sacred walls,
Stamped with Salvation, and whose gates are praise,
Called back to earth again?"

She is gone, not lost, neither to herself nor to us. She LIVES in renewed vigor, in perpetual youth, in greater activisy, on a wider theatre, with noble compeers, with more ecstatic joys, and I doubt not, with sympathies unbroken, and greatly strengthened, for you, her husband, her children, her far distant son, her father still surviving, and for all, with whom her heart was in sympathy, while she was yet with us.

"O! that in unfettered junion
Spirit could with spirit blend;
O! that in unseen communion
Thought could hold the distant friend.
Will she there no fond emotion,
Naught of early love retain?
Or absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part forever,
With the friends she left behind?"

To the afflicted family and friends, I desire to present the consolations of the text. Surely there are MERCIES in your afflictions if ye be exercised thereby. Ye are CHRISTIANS: Bow beneath the stroke, and say in filial confidence and affection, it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good in his sight. "Hearts were made to feel and tears to flow, but let, not your sorrow be as that of those, who have no hope.

My Beloved Friends:—When one so capable and so willing to minister to our welfare, and whom we seem to need so much on earth, is taken away, it requires, the grace of God in large measure, to enable us heartily to say thy will be done, but we are assured that the Lord had need of her, and he in mercy proposes to confer grace according to the day

of trial. "The Lord is a sun and shield, the Lord will give grace and glory, no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Eternity will doubtless reveal, that God hath often wrought out his designs of mercy, and brought many sons to glory, by humiliating and afflictive dispensations of Providence.

"God, before his Son that brought mercy, sent his servant the trumpeter of repentance, to level every high hill, to prepare the way before him, making it smooth and straight. Christ never comes, before His way-maker hath laid even the heart with sorrow and repentance. Not only knowledge, but also every other gift, which we call the gift of fortune, have power to puff up earth. Afflictions only level those mole hills of pride, plough the heart, and make it fit for wisdom to sow her seed, and for grace to bring forth her increase. Happy is that man, therefore, that is thus wounded, to be cured—thus broken, to be made straight."

It is a *mercy* in your affliction, that leaving satisfactory evidence of preparation for her change, she hath gone, to receive the reward in another life.

"She hath gone

To sit down with prophets, by the clear And crystal waters, she hath gone to list Isaiah's Harp and David's, and to walk With Enoch, and Elijah, and the host Of the just men made perfect. She shall bow At Gabriel's hallelujah, and unfold The scroll of the Apocalypse with John, And talk of Christ with Mary, and go back To the last supper, and the garden prayer. With the beloved disciple. She shall hear The story of the incarnation told By Simeon, and the Triune mystery Burning upon the fervent lips of Paul.

She shall no more thirst,

Nor hunger, but forever in the eye,
Holy and meek of Jesus, she may look,
Unchided, untempted, and unstained.
Tell me! oh mourner for the child of God;

Shall we bewail our sister—that she died?"

APPENDIX.

[Note A.]

The following letter from the medical attendants, explanatory of the nature of the injury, and its attendant circumstances, will be acceptable and gratifying, especially to the distant friends and relatives of the deceased:

Lafayette, Jan. 15th, 1847.

REV. J. G. WILSON,

Dear Sir:—In compliance with your request, we furnish the following brief history and description of the case of the late Mrs. Ellsworth:

The injury, which terminated in her death, was an *oblique compound fracture* of the Leg. The fracture was situated about three inches from the ancle joint. The Tibia, (or large bone of the leg,) pierced through the muscles and skin immediately over and in front of the seat of the fracture.

The fractured bones were brought into perfect apposition, at the first dressing, and were carefully retained in that position by an apparatus, which, while it afforded support to every portion of the limb concerned in the accident, gave no pain, by undue pressure, at any point.

From the first, until the eighth day after the injury, the condition of Mrs. E. was such that we entertained strong hopes of her ultimate recovery. Less constitutional and local excitement than usual in such injuries, were the only marked incidents of that period. On the ninth day, the limb was more swollen and painful, and in the evening she had a violent Chill—this chill was followed by alarming symptoms of prostration and general constitutional irritation.

The external wound, which had united, was again broken

open by the pressure of a sero purulent fluid and a wasting suppuration from the part became inevitable.

The most alarming symptoms connected with the case, were so far controlled by appropriate remedies and the efforts of a constitution. (allowing for the influence of age,) that we were again led to believe her recovery not improbable until the 18th day after the injury.

Great irritability of stomach, we were informed, had been a prominent difficulty under which Mrs. E. had suffered in previous attacks of indisposition.

This difficulty was present, in a slight degree, after the constitutional symptoms supervened, resulting from the injury; but was not sufficiently violent to excite serious apprehensions until after the 18th day.

Being unable, from that period, until the close of her illness, to retain food or even stimulents long enough to obtain their strengthening influence, while her vital powers were being wasted by a copious discharge from the wound, and the depressing influence of the general irritation, arising from the local disease, her death became inevitable.

Respectfully, yours &c.,
J. B. McFARLAND, M. D.,
D. T. YEAKEL, M. D.

[NOTE B.]

The following beautiful hymns were among those most precious to Mrs. E., during the last few days of her life.

CHRIST THE REFUGE.

1. Jesus lover of My soul;
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past
Safe into the haven guide,
O! receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name—
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

"On Lord I know that in very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me."

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King? For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring? Shall I praise thee for pleasure? for health, or for ease? For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast, For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed? For the spirits that heightened my day of delight, And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I praise thee—but if only for this, I should leave half untold, the donation of bliss; I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care, For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

For nights of anxiety, watchings and tears, A present of pain, a perspective of fears;

I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God, For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.

The flowers were sweet but their fragrance is flown, They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone, The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me The message of mercy, it led me to thee.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE AND TRIUMPH.

Who would not be a Christian? Who but now Would share the Christian's triumph and his hope? His triumph is begun! 'Tis his to hail Amid the chaos, of a world convulsed, A new creation rising! 'Mid the gloom Which wraps the low concerns of states and kings, He marks the morning star, sees the far East Blush with the purple dawn, he hears a trump Louder than all the clarions and the clang Of horrid war, swelling and swelling still In lengthening notes, its all awakening call The trump of Jubilee! Are there not signs, Thunders and voices, in the troubled air? Do ye not see upon the mountain tops Beacon to beacon answering? Who can tell But all the harsh and dissonant sounds, which long Have been, are still, disquieting the earth Are but the tuning of the several parts For the grand chorus, which shall usher in The hastening triumph of the Prince of peace. Yes, his shall be the Kingdom, He shall come Ye scoffers at his tarrying. Hear ye not E'en now the thunder of his wheels? Awake Thou slumbering world! E'en now the symphonies Of that blest song, are floating through the air Peace, peace on earth, and glory be to God.



